

Unconditional

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Unconditional

TITLE: Unconditional

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Disclaimer: None of characters are mine - nuff said

Spoilers: Earth: Final Conflict, One Taelon Avenue

Inspiration - This story was inspired by the song Unconditional by the new country artist, Clay Davidson

Summary: First Person POV - Joshua Doors

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THERE ARE SPOILERS FOR EFC - THE EPISODE 1 TAELOON AVENUE

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Hi, this story is many firsts for me. It is my first EFC story, my first "pure" story that has neither self-insertion nor is a crossover. It is also my first short story and my first 1st person POV story. It does have spoilers for One Taelon Avenue. BE FOREWARNED!!!!!!! I got this idea after the episode, which I really liked a lot!!!! If Jonathan Doors had to die - that was the way to do it! I think the POV will be quite evident in the first few lines!!! It is from my new fav character's POV (but the POV does change - SO WATCH FOR THE CHANGES). It is also intended to represent the stream of consciousness - thoughts as they come, so it may change the subject rather suddenly. I hope you enjoy and FEEDBACK IS REQUIRED!!!!!!

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UNCONDITIONAL

by Kathryn Burns

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Why?

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The question was eternally burned into my mind. Why did my father save me? How could he have had so much faith in me? I held a gun on him, was ready to kill him, would have killed him. Heck, I did kill him. The whole blasted thing was my fault. And the kicker - ha - I

thought I was doing the right thing, the Jonathan Doors thing.

>

I told him that I was just like him - that I had learned the ruthlessness from him, but no, I am nothing like him. He is Jonathan Doors and I am just another weak-minded human.

>

My father's last hope - yeah right! How could that be? After what I've done to others? To him? I never told him, never got the chance to say it, at least not after my betrayal. I always wanted to tell him:

>

"Dad, I'm sorry, I love you, and I am truly proud to be your son."

>

I never did get the chance to say that to him. The Presidential Campaign, working with him, was probably the best time of my life, but I never told him that. Or perhaps I feel so guilty because some part of me always hated him for what he did, what he was, even after our reconciliation. I even hated myself for hating him. I guess that's why that . . . building had so much control over me. It amplified the hateful part of me. And yet, even as a part of me was straining to pull that trigger, I was screaming inside, fighting, yet powerless to stop myself, not wanting him to die. God, that has to be one of the worst things that can happen to a human being - to be trapped in your own mind, forced to watch your actions, yet unable to control anything.

>

Dad, I'm so sorry!!!

>

I promised that I would be there for my kids - go to their baseball games or ballet recitals, tell them stories, and tuck them in at night.

>

>

Major Kincaid and Renee say that it isn't my fault - that the Taelons messed with my head, but I should have known better. I guess I took control of One Taelon Avenue because I wanted to be like the Great Jonathan Doors. My father was right about the Taelons though, something is not right. And I owe it to him to continue his work, his life. That's the least I can do.

>

I've replayed that scene - over and over in my head and it's in my dreams. It haunts me day and night. I haven't been able to sleep at all. And half the time I want to die of either pain or shame.

>

I don't know what to do. I wish you were still here, Dad. That you could help me, tell me what to do - but it's my fault that you're not. Everything is my fault and I want to continue your work, have to continue your work but I don't know where to begin.

>

* * * * *

>

Oh, blast, who could that be at this hour of the night?

>

I get up, answer the door and I am handed a metal box and told something about my father wanting me to have it. How could he want me to have anything? What is in here?

>

I open the box and find a book on top. What? A diary? My father, Jonathan Doors, had a diary? He never exactly struck me as the diary type.

>

>

I wonder

>

>

I turn to the last entry evidently written right before he came to One Taelon Avenue that night, even more, it was written to me - as if he had known.

>

>

Joshua,

If you're reading this, then it means that I am dead and that you are no longer under the influence of the Taelons, as I left instructions for this to be given to you ONLY under those conditions. I could never blame you for your actions because they weren't really yours. In fact, I blame myself, because if I had been the father that you needed me to be then this mess would likely never have occurred. I was too busy building my empire, consumed by my ambition. I'm sorry! But don't make the same mistake with your family.

I'm glad that we were able to spend some time together during the campaign, that was the most worthwhile thing I have ever done. I love you Joshua, and no matter what happens, no matter what you do, I will always love you. Remember that my love is unconditional.

.

(LATER IN THE ENTRY)

>

There are some things that you need to know. My job is a dangerous one and even if you don't follow in my footsteps you may be a target. If you are ever in trouble, if you ever need help, there are some people you can always trust . . .

>

>

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"You know, I feel badly for Joshua, under Taelon mind control, and now his father's dead," Augur said.

>

"Yeah, I know how he feels - I was never really that close to Ha'gel and Sandoval and I aren't exactly buddies," Liam responded.

>

"Maybe you should talk to him Liam, tell him about . . ."

>

"Augur, two days ago, he wasn't even in the Resistance and you think I should tell him about heritage?"

>

"Hey, it was just a suggestion. Uh oh, I think we have an unexpected guest," said Augur as the alarms went off.

>

"You think?" asked Liam with a touch of sarcasm. "But who would be trying to get down here?"

>

"I dunno Liam, but if it's Renee playing some kind of prank on my computer - she's dead.

>

The elevator whirred to a halt. As the door swished open Liam pulled out his weapon and held it ready at his side.

>

"Hold your fire, Major. It's just me." said a somewhat confused Joshua Doors.

>

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>

I wasn't particularly impressed or surprised by the construction of the sophisticated and obviously expensive structure of what had once been the Headquarters for the Resistance. I was a bit surprised that my father had been able to keep it such a secret and also the fact that he had chosen a church to build it in - how ironic.

>

Both Liam and Augur were glaring at me.

>

"How the heck did you get down here?" Augur asked.

>

"Well, my father left me instructions in his diary . . ." I trailed off, holding up the worn book.

>

"His diary?" snorted Augur.

>

I ignored the comment, as I had had the same reaction earlier that evening.

>

"I came here looking for the leader of the Resistance - I want to help." I offered lamely.

>

"Well you've found him." replied Major Kincaid.

>

This I had not expected at all. A Companion Protector, of all people, who was also the leader of the resistance! I had known that Kincaid, Renee and Augur were in the Resistance but Kincaid was actually running it?

"So when you came to all those campaign rallies . . ." I began to ask.

>

"We weren't exactly on Taelon business." finished Liam, "That's right."

>

Augur interrupted our conversation, "Uh, Liam, could I talk to you for a second?"

>

I could hear the tension in Augur's voice and pretended to suddenly be interested in the news report on the vid screen. And even though they were talking in low voices. I could still hear the conversation.

>

>

"Liam, just five minutes ago you were skeptical of telling him your heritage and now you want to blindly accept him into the resistance. Remember, just yesterday afternoon he was ruthlessly serving the

Taelons. Do you really think that he changed THAT much that suddenly?"

>

"Yes Augur, I do think so. Why else would Jonathan give him his diary? You know he would never endanger the resistance. He obviously trusts Joshua."

>

"Maybe Jonathan didn't actually leave his diary to Joshua. Maybe Joshua just found it."

>

"Jonathan Doors was never that careless but how Joshua got the diary and the information is really irrelevant at this point in time. And he IS here to help."

>

"So HE says."

>

"Augur, you and I know both saw the effects of Taelon mind control on Renee. You know that it wasn't Renee who chose to leave Doors International, it was the computer. It's the same case with Joshua. Besides, if he wanted to betray us, he would have done so already."

>

"True but . . ." Augur trailed off. "Whatever you think, it's your decision Liam. It's just that - well, I'm not so sure about this."

>

"Me neither, but what else can we do?"

>

>

I was still wondering about the comment about Liam's heritage but I filed that away for the moment and at that point in their conversation I interrupted. "I wouldn't betray you. I couldn't dishonor my father's memory like that. The Resistance meant a lot to him."

>

Major Kincaid seemed to stop a moment to think. He then nodded slightly and said simply, "I know."

>

I saw Augur give Kincaid a sharp glance, obviously not terribly wild about the decision to trust me, not that I could blame him for his suspicion.

>

"Please," I said quietly, "Please give me a chance. Let me help."

>

A moment of silence passed and finally Liam held out his hand. We shook hands and Liam said, "If we're going to trust you, there are a few things you will need to know."

>

>

>

The next morning I was exhausted since we had stayed up all night talking about all the projects of the Resistance: past, present AND future. I left for home shortly before dawn. The streets were empty and there was a mist in the air, not quite fog but not the norm either. I shivered and pulled my coat around me tighter. I was still mulling over what had been said and was lost so deep in thought that I didn't pay any attention to my destination.

>

Suddenly, realizing where I had ended up, I stopped. I found myself at the cemetery where my father had been buried . . . Was it really only a day ago? It felt like years.

>

I quickly found my father's grave and, upon arriving, knelt in the grass. I sat there in silence for the better part of an hour, unsure of what to say. After that time I began to feel a want, no, a need to talk to him.

>

"Dad, I got the diary, and I, well I'm now a member of the Resistance." I began. "I'm really sorry about what happened and . . . thank you for telling me what I meant to you, thank you for having faith in me. I'm going to do my best to continue your work. I just hope that I'll know what to do."

>

I stood and turned to leave the grounds. The sky was slowly growing lighter and I needed to get home soon. But, before I left, I turned around and said softly,

>

"Dad, I love you."

>

just as the first rays of the morning sun hit the earth.

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LA FIN

THE END

End
file.